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light, of the dreamy melancholy peculiar to the season it depicts. The artist, whose name is new to us, has, in our opinion, achieved one of the best things in the exhibition. He has, perhaps, somewhat departed from Nature in giving an undue zig-zagging to his tree-branchings,—but the error may be our own. His sky is wonderfully beautiful. Exquisite as are some of McEntee's renderings of the Fall, there is yet, in this work by Mr. White, a superior beauty which, free as it is from the least taint of exaggeration, will not be apt to cloy.

G. L. Clough's "Shady Brook" is a very fine study indeed, which we wish we had more time to characterize in detail. We look for good things from Mr. Clough; he shows the right spirit.

Miss V. Granberry's "Cherries" is the best fruit-piece we have seen for a long time. The cherry leaves are beautifully done. In Miss M. S. Barstow's "In the Woods" there is some pleasant painting of ferns; we wish the rest of the picture were as good. Mr. Lawrie's works show close study, but they, nevertheless, impress the observer too much as though they were painted over or after crayon drawings. There are in his pictures many special things well painted, but, as a whole, they lack truth and harmony of color. Mr. Anderson's "Fish-kill Village" is another work showing close study of nature's forms, to which is added considerable refinement of color. The foreground in this picture, however, seems to us too monotonous in effect. The "Study," by J. L. Fitch, is in the right direction, shows somewhat of rawness, but gives promise of success. Those works we would like to dwell upon more particularly, had we the space. And doubtless others there are which have for the moment slipped our memory, that, equally with those mentioned, give proof of the rise of a new and holy faith in art, which will, ere long, be fruitful in good works.

CONCERTS.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL OF THE ORPHEONIST SCHOOL AND CHARITY CHILDREN.

The idea of getting up a Grand Choral Festival, the musical portion to be mainly sustained by children's voices, after the manner of the great annual festival at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has long been entertained by Mr. C. Jerome Hopkins, who, for several years, devoted much time, without remuneration, to the vocal and musical education of poor children, having established and sustained orpheon schools both in New York and Brooklyn.

In these schools he has trained up many of the boy singers who have become popularly known in the best churches of both cities. Months ago Mr. Hopkins commenced to work up his Orpheonist Festival. He tried to interest the principals of the various charitable institutions in the undertaking, offering not only to do the labor of teaching, but to divide the profits between such institutions and the orpheon schools. He received but little encouragement from the principals of most of these institutions, music being considered a dangerous accomplishment for Christian children. These disappointments reduced the proportions of the Festival far below the expectations of Mr. Hopkins, but still he expected to bring into action about one thousand children.

The destruction of the Academy of Music by fire entirely deranged Mr. Hopkins's plans. The Festival was to have been given there. Tickets and private boxes were sold, and the

success of the enterprise, both in a musical and money point of view, seemed to be certain. But the fire overthrew the whole arrangements, and Mr. Hopkins was compelled to take refuge at the Cooper Institute, and to spread the proposed one day's Festival into two days and a night. The disappointment was general, and certainly threw a damper over the public and also the performance. The Cooper Institute Hall is a great barn of a place and its acoustic effects are so peculiar that every chord seems divided into a half a dozen parts. The same with the voices. The hall was about half-filled—it will hold, we believe, over three thousand people—by a very intelligent, but sombre looking party. The thousand singers were not forthcoming; there being, at most, Orpheons and charity children, girls, and boys, and men, not over three hundred singers and the orchestra.

Mr. Hopkins, we have no doubt, did his best; he received promises from many, instructed many, but few came; and the result was a very small Festival indeed. It would be useless to go through the programme in detail. The children were very well trained; they sang correctly, followed the conductor well, and gave some very good color to some of the choruses. "The Chorale" by Marat and Besa, "The Echo Chorus," "The Vermont Farmer," "The Little Carol," by Hopkins, which is sweet and effective, were the best of the vocal performances, and the "Hallelujah Chorus" of Handel, the worst. The first day we only heard the soprano and contralto, the Harmonic Society's tenors and basses, if present were subdued to an impalpable nothingness. It was a very melancholy performance indeed.

On the repetition of the Festival the vocal selections went more smoothly. The solo attractions at the Festival were Mlle. Boschetti, Miss M. Brainard, Signor Orlandini, Mr. S. B. Mills, and Mr. R. Goldbeck. All these artists are well known, so that we need not particularize their share of the entertainment, albeit some of the efforts were amenable to pretty sharp criticism. The hall, however, is so unfavorable to solo display, that the artists are entitled to the benefit of the doubt.

The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Theo. Thomas, performed two of Mr. C. Jerome Hopkins's instrumental compositions. The March we have noticed before; the overture, entitled "Manhood," was new to us, and we are glad to pronounce it the best composition in every way that we have yet heard from Mr. Hopkins's pen. The ideas are clearer stated; there is more grit in them, and the instrumentation betrays less the hand of a novice. This is a work of good promise, and gives us reason to hope for the future of Mr. Hopkins's talent. As a great Choral Festival, Mr. Hopkins undertaking has proved a failure, from reasons beyond his control, and we shall not feel inclined to encourage such another attempt, unless the condition of things is essentially changed, affording a better guarantee of the fulfillment of promises than the untiring efforts of one individual with a large development of hope. Of the pecuniary results of the Festival we have had no account.

SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

The last Sunday Evening Concert takes place at Irving Hall, on Sunday evening next. The programme will be unusually rich in artistic names, besides the usual party, Messrs. Castle, Campbell, Colby and George W. Morgan, Miss Kate Macdonald, Miss Zelda Harrison and Miss Matilda Toedt will appear on this occasion.

These concerts have become wonderfully

popular, and this, the last one, will be the most brilliant of them all.

GARDEN MUSIC.

Mr. Theo. Thomas will give a series of concerts with his grand orchestra, during the Summer months, at Koch's Terrace Garden, on Third ave., between Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth sts. The place is a pleasant suburban retreat, for it overlooks our beautiful park, and is of easy access. The beautiful music will, doubtless, attract thousands to enjoy the shade of trees and the health-giving air.

GRAND CONCERTS AT IRVING HALL.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement, in this day's issue, of two concerts to be given next Saturday, at Irving Hall, for the benefit of Mr. Rullman, Janitor of the Academy of Music, who lost everything he possessed by the late fire. The attractions will be extraordinary, and will surely crowd Irving Hall to its utmost capacity, twice. At least we hope so.

MATUINI MAIL.

Into thy chalice bright, O morn,
Droops, like a pearl, thy star.
Lo, in the east, a day new-born!
Light streameth from afar!
I watch, as o'er the distant hills
It silently comes down,
Like myriads of golden rills
Upon the shadowy town
I scent in every passing breeze
A delicate perfume,
Wafted from plumed lilac trees
That glow with purple bloom.
I listen to the cooing doves
Which haunt the old church tower,
And dreamily tell o'er their loves
Unwearied hour by hour.
And such a charm the dear earth wears,
It seems a joy to live,—
No day in all the rolling years
A lovelier morn could give.
Sweet Nature, prophesy to me,
While winged moments pass,
And swiftly fall the shining sands
Within time's crystal glass!
When fades the light, when droops the flower,
When seeks the dove its nest,
Let some glad token of this hour
Abide within my breast,
As kneel I humbly at thy shrine
Where all is mystery.
Oh heart of nature, bend to mine,
As bends to earth the sky.
Lead up my soul from grovelling things,
Give thought a richer tone;
Inspire me with the hope that springs
From noble aims alone;
Teach me the grace of loving deeds,
The consciousness of such
E'en like a rosary, whose beads
Yield blessings to the touch,
Would kindle in this shade and dust
A faith serene and bright,—
Life would be full of quiet trust
As morn is full of light.

M. E. J.

New York, May, 1866.

CONCERT-GIVING IN PARIS AND NEW YORK.

A CONTRAST.

Our American readers will be surprised to learn the different modus operandi of giving concerts in Paris and in this city.

In New York we have but one hall where an artist can well give a concert—Irving Hall. We have also for small chamber concerts, Dodworth Hall, and Wallack's Theatre for matinees.

Should an artist arrive in this city without an engagement with any of our concert managers, his first step is generally to visit the different piano manufacturers represented here, and his next is to procure through the recommendation of one of these, a person capable of arranging his concert business for him. This person found, the artist decides upon his hall, and then bethinks him of choosing upon which piano (if a pianist) he must perform—Thalberg—Jael—Gottschalk—Wehli, Hoffman, Poznanski, and many others have shown us that Chickering's instruments have always been chosen for first-class concerts of first-class artists, and Irving Hall always taken by them for their performances. These three things settled upon, viz.: the choice of piano, hall and manager, this latter proceeds to organize things in the true American style. The European artist then sees, about two weeks before his concert, immense *streamers* all over the town, with his name in monstrous letters on a sheet some six or eight feet long. Then later come the colossal *posters*, with date of concert, names of assisting artists, price of tickets, and other details. Then appear, through the zealous workings of the manager and visits of the artist, prefatory articles on the merits of the artist—translations of articles from European papers, a selection of which Monsieur the Artist, generally carries along in scrap-books for that purpose. Next, a shower of *dodgers* rain on the citizens from all sides; they hang on strings in cars, omnibuses, hotels, bar-rooms, soliciting a pull at them from passers-by. Lastly appear the programmes, in music stores, book stores, piano emporiums, &c., and then all is ready. In the meanwhile, also, photographs, lithographs and woodcuts have also made their appearance. When everything is in this trim the doors open and the public pour in, if the name of the artist combined with the enthusiastic efforts of the business manager has succeeded in attracting the crowd.

And how different is it in Paris. There the artist does not precisely address himself to the multitude, but rather to those who know him socially and in private; through their influence are things arranged, and not by means of streamers, dodgers, advertisements, notices, lithographs, woodcuts or immense posters.

An artist in Paris knows nearly the precise amount of the net proceeds of his concert before the concert-hall is opened. His arrangements are operated in this manner: The artist in Paris does everything in the managing line, through the agency of a bureau, held for that purpose by M. A. Giacomelli, *editeur* and musical critic of the excellent journal, *La Presse Musicale*. M. Giacomelli has always at his disposal a host of artists of all voices and instruments, who are anxious for an occasion of making themselves heard in public, and who are only happy to tender the assisting services, for nothing more than the honor of public appearance, and if a lady, a pair of white kids—a beautiful bouquet, (the eternal accessory to a lady's full concert-dress in Paris), and a carriage to and from the temple of St. Cecile.

The artist consults with Mons. Giacomelli as to which of the three concert saloons he can procure for his concert, on what date, &c., and what vocal and instrumental aid he shall have. The three concert halls, or rather salons in Paris, are those of Henri Herz, Rue de la Victoire; Erard, Rue du Mail, and Pleyel, Rue Rochecouart. The artist then gives to Giacomelli the names of

his pieces, and the latter completes the programme with the artistic stock chosen from his vocal and instrumental reserves. The artist then goes to work on his side, armed with his tickets, and commences operations as follows:—

To each of the masters of the different *salons* in which he has performed during that season, (having been introduced therein by letters of recommendation, or through the private offices of a friend,) he sends from five to ten tickets, price ten francs each. He then addresses, by means of a delicately polite French note, a certain number of tickets to the leading men of the artistic metropolis—those who are known to give pecuniary patronage to artists in general, be they acquainted with them or not. At the head of this encouraging cortege, is his Majesty, Napoleon III. He has organized a regular budget which is distributed for matters of this nature, to those interested, by the superintendent of theatres and concerts, his private secretary, the Count Bacciochi, the active disposition of these funds being made by this latter's representative, Mons. de Coni, attaché of the Emperor's house. The sum subscribed by his Majesty through this channel, is a fixed one (100 francs—ten tickets), and the same for all artists, but allowed them only once every two years. Thus an artist, giving annual concerts in Paris, addresses his Majesty only every other year. The letter addressed to his Majesty is so well known by all artists in Paris, that it has become quite a stereotyped one. It generally runs thus, and is written on large sized ministerial paper:—

"SIRE: J'ai l'honneur d'offrir, à sa majesté, dix billets de mon concert, qui aura lieu dans la salle—le—de ce mois à huit heures du soir.

"Connaissant l'extrême bienveillance avec laquelle sa majesté daigne accueillir les artistes j'ose espérer qu'elle voudra bien les agréer. Avec l'assurance du profond respect, avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur, d'être de sa majesté.

"Le très humble, et très obéissant serviteur,
X."

This letter duly carried to the Palace of the Tuilleries—the artist proceed to his other correspondence. He addresses two tickets, with a letter to each of the following well known high functionaries and princes of wealth: the Prefect of Seine (Mons. Hausman), the Prefect of the Police, the Minister of the house of the Emperor, the Minister of his own country, the baron of Rothschild, Emile and Isaac Pereire, the princess Mathilde the princess Clothilde, and many others of this stamp. Nearly all these tickets are accepted and paid for (though generally not made use of except in cases of very great celebrity), and the artist's abode is, during the week preceding his concert, swarmed with the valets of all these princely customers, who send thus their contributions.

Mad. la Baronne de Rothschild has a peculiar manner of conveying her *louis d'or* to the altar of art—she encloses her card, under envelope, having first made two slits in it, one over and the other under her name, through which two slits she delicately insinuates the brilliant coin. A finely dressed *laquais* brings the envelope, and gives it himself, into the artist's hands. Mad. Pereire has another system just as efficacious—on the border of her card is fastened by gum a small envelope, just the size of a 20-franc piece, which she encloses in the same, covering the whole with a larger envelope intrusted to a servant's care for conveyance.

The posting and advertisement of a concert in

Paris are generally reduced to their most simple expression. About one hundred small posters are used. These are placed in the six or eight principal music stores—Brandus, Rhetta & Co., Giraud Gambojji, Flaxladd, Escudier, Heugel, Columbur, &c.,—and stuck up on the picturesque "Colonnes d'Affiches," on the Boulevards. These posters do not usually exceed the dimensions of 2 feet by 3. The advertisement of the concert consists only in small notices (which are not paid for) in the four or five different musical papers, and sometimes, also, (but these are paid for) in the daily papers, principally *La Patrie*, *Le Journal des Debats*, and *l'Opinion Nationale*. Apropos of the second named paper, Hector Berlioz is its musical critic, and there he heaps dark invectives against, or piles brilliant encomiums on the different musical lights of the Parisian world. This remark brings us to a natural digression of a few lines, in order to observe to our readers that this great musician—too great, perhaps, for he has reduced music to a mathematical, or rather geometrical science—is extremely difficult to please, and his articles, brilliantly written, generally groan, grumble and flash against those whose talents he is called upon to criticise. In turn, he has been generally badly treated by those called to criticise his works. They pretended that Berlioz saw, and would have only, in music, profound art and deep science; whilst they presumed to ask for inspiration and happy melodies, wishing to pass over less arid grounds to arrive at pleasant abodes. Some of these gentlemen observed (on the occasion of the representation of Berlioz's opera, "The Trojans," at the Theatre Lyrique) that the maestro's creations had the savagely arid aspect of a grand and imposing desert, with only few oases; whilst they wished for in music, as a civilized art and refined science, pleasing and picturesque sites, as well as grandly imposing scenery. Comparing, for instance, Meyerbeer's works to a grandly sublime, poetically thrilling tableau in the Alleghanies, and Berlioz's works to the imposing, awful grandeur of the Sahara. But let us return to our Parisian artist, and continue prying into his business.

(To be Continued.)

THE MAGAZINES.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June, comes to us, as usual, welcome and early. The present number is graced by varied papers by eminent writers. Its contents are as follows:

Quicksands, by Mrs. C. A. Hopkinson; In the Hemlocks, by John Burroughs; Last Days of Walter Savage Landor.—III, by Miss Kate Field; The Dead Ship of Harpswell, by John G. Whittier; Doctor Johns.—XVII, by Donald G. Mitchell; Tied to a Rope, by Charles J. Sprague; Giotto's Tower, by Henry W. Longfellow; Passages from Hawthorne's Note-Books.—VI; The Mountain, by E. C. Steadman; The Chimney-Corner for 1866.—VI, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe; A Pioneer Editor; Griffith Gaunt, or Jealousy.—VII, by Chas. Reade; Bad Symptoms, by Edward Spenser; Reviews and Literary Notices.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS, Ticknor & Fields, is also before us, with a long list of excellent articles suitable for the young, by known and popular writers. The contents are as follows:

The Little Southerners, by Mrs. Ed. A. Walker, two illustrations; The Violet's Lesson, by Susan E. Dickenson, one illustration; The Bird's Question, by John G. Whittier, which we quote below; Sea-life, by the author of "Seven Little Sisters,"